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Raise high the song, the loud hymn of devotion,
Give homage to Mary, our lady, our queen!

Loud glorias peal, and with reverberant blast,
Throughout the illumined space,
The silver trumpets clang!

Doffed is the casque, the mitred head bent low,
The song subsides, and on that marvellous crowd

An awful silence dwells!

A Presence is among them—

A Being gracious as resplendent.

And the resuscitate host is filled with holy terror!

She smiles benignly on the kneeling throng,
And melts with heavenly look the still, deep fear!

Again the hymn breaks forth,
With heavenly, earthly voices join,
Monks, warriors, martyrs swell the raptured strain!

Lo! where she comes, all meek, yet all noble,
The glory celestial encircling her brows.

Fall prostrate, ye thousands, all lowly adore her;

Bare your swords, valiant knights, yet once make your vows;

Chant paens, ye priests; let the harmonies roll

Till the gorgeous temple resounds to its veil.

Through our midst she is moving, the chosen, the holy:

Hail, Mary, Madonna, blest Virgin, all hail!

The voices ceased, the echoes died away,
The mighty pillars throbbed no more with flame;

The roof closed in, the pageant vanished,
And the darkness swathed once more
The sombre nave.

Still on the air the organ's notes float sad and wailing,

Still through the storied windows streams the moon's soft light,

Still rest the things of earth;
The mute Colossi yet bear up

The vaulted roof;

The shrines still glimmer in the dim night air,
The mystic glories of my vision—

Gone!

ARTHUR MATTHISON.

POWER OF ASSOCIATION.—There is a tune in Switzerland, which the young shepherds perform on a sort of pipe. It is called the *Ranz des vaches*, is wild and irregular, and has but little in its composition to recommend it to our notice. But the Swiss are so intoxicated with this tune, that if at any time they hear it, when abroad in foreign service, they burst into tears; nay more, they often fall sick, and even die, of a passionate desire to revisit their native country; for which reason, in some armies where they serve, the playing of this tune is prohibited. This air, having been the familiar companion of their childhood and early youth, recalls to their memory those regions of wild beauty and rude magnificence, those days of liberty any peace, those nights of festivity, those happy assemblies, those tender passions, which formerly endeared them to their country, their homes, and their employments; and which, when compared with the scenes of tumult in which they are now engaged, and the servitude they now undergo, awaken such a regret as entirely overpowers them.

MUSICAL LETTERS BY FERDINAND HILLER.

JOSEPHINE LANG, THE SONG-COMPOSER.

When noticing, some years ago, Mendelssohn's *Reisebriefe*, I gave an extract out of one, dated from Munich, in which the great composer expresses himself ecstatically concerning the talent of "little L." "She possesses the gift of composing and singing songs," says the never-to-be-forgotten artist, "to a degree I never knew before," and he states it as his opinion that "the man who is not moved by them has no feeling for anything." Josephine Lang (for it was she who rendered Mendelssohn so enthusiastic) has not left off singing beautiful songs, though, perhaps, the pleasing voice, with which she then rendered them may have gone. Through all the changes of life, the Muse has remained faithful to her, and as a producing musician she has probably few or no fair rivals. How comes it then that her name and her strains are, comparatively speaking, so little known to the great mass of the public? that a phenomenon, whose worth ought to be esteemed the more highly for its rarity, has remained a stranger for a large number of musically-educated persons? Perhaps the following lines will explain this fact. I may be considered as acting indiscreetly towards a lady who is my friend, but the artist will forgive me. The courteous readers, especially the female ones, of these pages will certainly turn to the artist with increased interest, when they have obtained a glimpse of the joys and the sufferings which have fallen to the lot of the daughter, the wife, and the mother. The 14th of March, 1815, was the day of Josephine's birth. Even at her cradle joy and care were commingled, for she was so small and delicate that her parents never called her anything but the "*Angstkind*" ("Child of Anxiety"), in contradistinction to a little brother four years old. The said little brother, Ferdinand, has long been first low comedian at the Theatre Royal, Munich, and a great favorite with the public there. Music and dramatic art were inherent in the family. Anna Lang, the grandmother on the paternal side, was a most famous actress, while the father's sister, Margarethe, was scarcely inferior to her in talent. Margarethe became the wife of the well-known low-comedian, "Carl," the founder of the celebrated Carl-Theatre, Vienna. Another Aunt was a pleasing Soubrette; and her father himself a sterling violinist, while his brothers were respectable members of the Royal Orchestra. The grandmamma and her sisters on the maternal side were distinguished singers. Her mother, Regina Lang, a pupil of Winter, was one of the most fascinating personages of her day, and it was for her that the part of Myrra in *Das Unterbrochene Opferfest* was written. Her husband soon took her off the stage, as her peculiarly gentle and tender nature could not support the wear and tear of it. She continued to be a Royal Chamber and Chapel Singer; made tours, from time to time, as a concert singer; and gave lessons. Despite the boundless love, care, and tenderness with which her excellent parents brought her up, Josephine was, for a long time, a most bashful, quiet and timid child. Her playfellows did not know what to do with her; she took no delight in their merry games, during which she would withdraw into some solitary nook or corner. On the other hand, she would sit for whole days at the foot of

her mother, when the latter was playing, her greatest delight being for mamma to take her upon her lap, place her tiny fingers upon the keyboard, and, with a thousand endearments, teach her to play or sing little pieces. When only in her third year, she could play these correctly and in proper time, to the astonishment of everyone, while in her earliest childhood she sang with her mother and brother the trio from *Die Zauberflöte*, and could take the tenor part. At times, when not watched, she would raise herself by means of a footstool and find out on the piano accompaniments for her little songs. Her parents were naturally both astounded and delighted, and their delight was increased when the little thing, who soon did not wish to leave the instrument at all, invented melodies for herself. She was, however, generally silent and sorrowful, and her corporal as well as mental development, frequently interrupted by illness, progressed so slowly that her parents were in a continual state of anxiety on her account. They had not the courage to send her to school, and her private tutor was requested to restrict for a time his instruction to the most essential subjects. Josephine was five years old when she wrote her first melody to words, which, also, were due to her pen. While, standing upon her stool, she was singing at the piano, her brother's music-master entered the room, and was not slightly astonished, when, in reply to his question, whence she had obtained the song, she replied she had made it herself. The foolish words caused him to laugh, but, taking a pen, he wrote down the melody, and told her parents they ought no longer to delay letting her have regular pianoforte lessons. She now began the latter, but with little success. One master followed another, yet the child was not materially advanced—the lessons were irksome to her. But she made sufficient progress to be enabled in her own way to devote herself to instrumental composition. To invent and play marches, waltzes and other dances, was her greatest source of enjoyment, and procured her numerous presents. The first heavy blow of fate, the death of her mother, which she felt most deeply, overtook her in her ninth year. She passed two or three years with her grandmother, and went on, as well as she could, with her music. She took the greatest interest in being present at the lessons her grandmother gave young actresses. Charlotte von Hagen, afterwards so celebrated, was at that period under this lady's tuition.

Josephine was about eleven years old when her father contracted a second marriage with the widow of a musician who had been a friend of his. The lady, an accomplished, amiable, and, at the same time, energetic, and active woman, infused new life into the family. The exceedingly unsystematic mode of life pursued by her little step-daughter, to whom she turned with motherly love, was perfectly hateful to her. She gave her masters to teach her drawing, dancing, and the French language, but for music the right man was not yet found. Her pianoforte master went to sleep during the lesson, and left her to her own caprices. A mere accident was destined to help her. At a party at Herr Asheher's, where Josephine had to show off as an infant phenomenon, Mlle. Berlinghoff, then the most popular and brilliant pianist in Munich, happened to be present. The child's talent pleased her so much, that she made her parents an offer to teach her for nothing, and when Josephine heard her